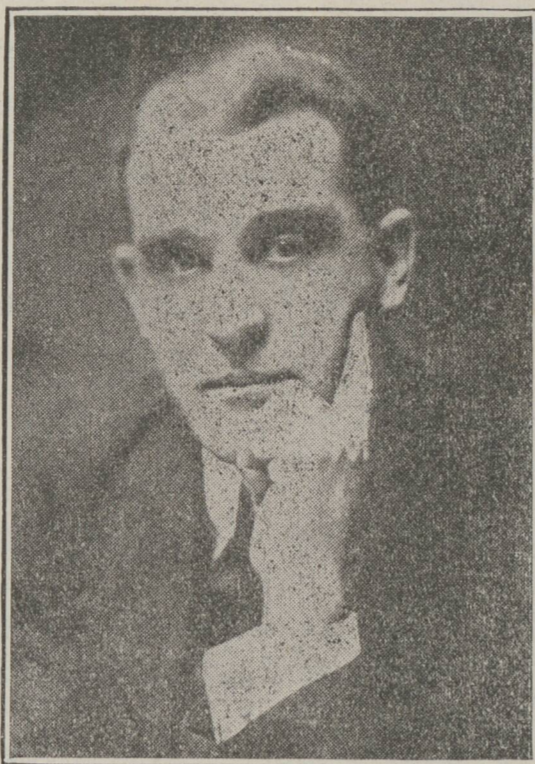




MRS. H. S. MULLEN



EVANGELIST H. S. MULLEN



REV. W. W. HOWE



REV. H. S. DOW

TENT MEETINGS

There will be a tent meeting held at Kingsclear, N. B., Aug. 20-27. Revs. H. S. Dow, W. W. Howe, and Evangelists H. S. and Mrs. Mullen will be the workers.

A tent meeting will also be held in Southampton, N. B., (weather permitting) following the meeting at Kingsclear, Rev. H. S. Dow and Brother and Sister Mullen and others assisting.

A NEW EXPERIENCE.

About forty years ago I had what I called a new and very rich experience. It has been of great service to me since I learned that a minister may be very anxious for souls and labour earnestly for a revival, and even weep over lost men, and yet not have a full outfit for his work. He may earnestly believe he is fully in the work and prepared to lead his flock, and yet not have any real soul travail himself.

I held union meetings, alternately between the Baptist Church and the Congregational. I visited from house to house, and prayed with different families, and felt very anxious for a revival; I worked hard, and looked pale from hard work. It seemed to me I would have been willing to die for souls, and yet I found my heart was not thoroughly melted.

I preached quite a number of times to the churches in all the earnestness of my heart, and tried more and more earnestly to get them near enough to Christ to have a revival. I wondered why they did not melt down; I was half discouraged. After prayer and fasting and much labour, I went alone before God and inquired what the matter was, and what more we could do. Then God seemed to speak to me by the

Spirit and say, "You are just as cold as the churches to whom you are preaching." It startled me. "Am I cold?" I said. "Your heart has not really broken up for years." I said, "Did I not weep while preaching this afternoon?" "You did, but it was water running from ice when the sun is on it."

Then I saw it all; I saw the difference between anxiety and soul travail. I had great anxiety, but no soul travail. I then saw why souls were not saved and God's work revived.

The fault was largely with the minister, and I was the minister. I went to the Congregational pastor and told him what I had discovered. After a little, as he looked into his own heart, he said, "I am in the same state." No wonder there was no more done. Ministers had not the upper-room power; they had but little power with God.

We prayed with and for each other for some days, but my heart did not melt. I knew there was power enough in Christ to break up the fountain of my heart, and there was efficacy in prayer. So I resolved to spend the night alone with God. And what a night it was! I had, I think, twenty seasons of prayer that night, but my heart seemed to rebel and grow harder. After four hours I had used all my arguments with God, and my heart had not melted. I finally used the publican's prayer for hours, "God be merciful to me a sinner, God be merciful to me a sinner." I did not detect any immorality in my life, but I lacked the anointing; needed the baptism of pain, real birth pain that brings souls into the kingdom.

Toward morning the fountain broke up, my heart melted as it had not for years. Christ seemed to breathe on me and say, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." And oh, such a fullness of love, my heart was full; I said all alone, "I've got it, the long-sought blessing is mine."

In the morning I went out and said the very words I had used the day before. Now the wicked broke down. I preached a little sermon to the churches, and they broke down, and the work broke out with power. I found the fault was with the preacher. Little did I think I myself was in the way when I was so anxious and working so hard. I could not say the deacons and members of the churches were right, but how soon they melted when the ministers melted. For more than sixty years I have noticed that as soon as the pastors have melted down and led the way the churches have usually quickly followed, and I have worked with about ten thousand ministers in twenty-three denominations over the country.

If the pastors with whom I have labored have not melted down and received the baptism of real soul travail, the work has usually been light and unsatisfactory, but if they have received the baptism of pain, so that they really travailed in birth for lost men, I have never known a failure.—A. B. Earle, "A Promise Fulfilled."

SOME DIFFICULTIES OF BIBLE TRANSLATION.

Rev. E. W. Smith, a representative of the British and Foreign Bible Society, tells an interesting story of the difficulty of translating the New Testament into the Ila language, one of the tongues of Central Africa, a task he recently completed after thirteen years of work.

"We had, of course, a great many difficulties in those first days," he says, "one of which arose from the amazing politeness of the natives. Your Central African is so polite that when he hears you making a mistake in his language he will not correct you, but will go on listening to you; and while he is in your presence he will make the same mistake that you have made and will never tell you. It takes you a long, long time sometimes to find out what an utter fool you have been making of yourself."

"Some words were difficult to find, and we hunted for them long. We wanted a word, for example, to stand for the law of God. We could find words for the law of man, but not for the law of God. One day a man came to me bringing his son, mauled from head to foot in a most terrible fashion by a leopard. He had come for healing—because a missionary is not only a translator, but a jack-of-all-trades, including doctoring. I did my best for the poor fellow, but he died, and then the old man said, 'My father, I am grateful to you for what you have done for my son. I would like to give you something as a memento.' I said, 'Very well, my friend; it is very kind of you. What I would like best is the skin of the leopard that caused your son's death.' The old man's face dropped, and he said, 'Sir, you have asked me for the one thing in the world that I cannot give you, because it is a law of God that the skin of the animal that kills your son is to be kept as a sacred heirloom forever.' I was sorry not to get the skin—but I was very glad indeed to get the word which stood for the law of God."

"A holy life has a voice. It speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a continual reproof."